Gunston Classics

THE LITTLE RED HEN

Robin Gilmor

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By

Robin Gilmor

Eugenia Meli - Illustrator

SECOND EDITION

LYONS HEAD
DIGITAL PUBLISHING SYNDICATION LLC

Gunston Classics
&
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The Little Red Hen
scratched the dirt in the yard,

While her three little chicks
pulled on a big worm.

When she spied some seeds
by the old barnyard fence

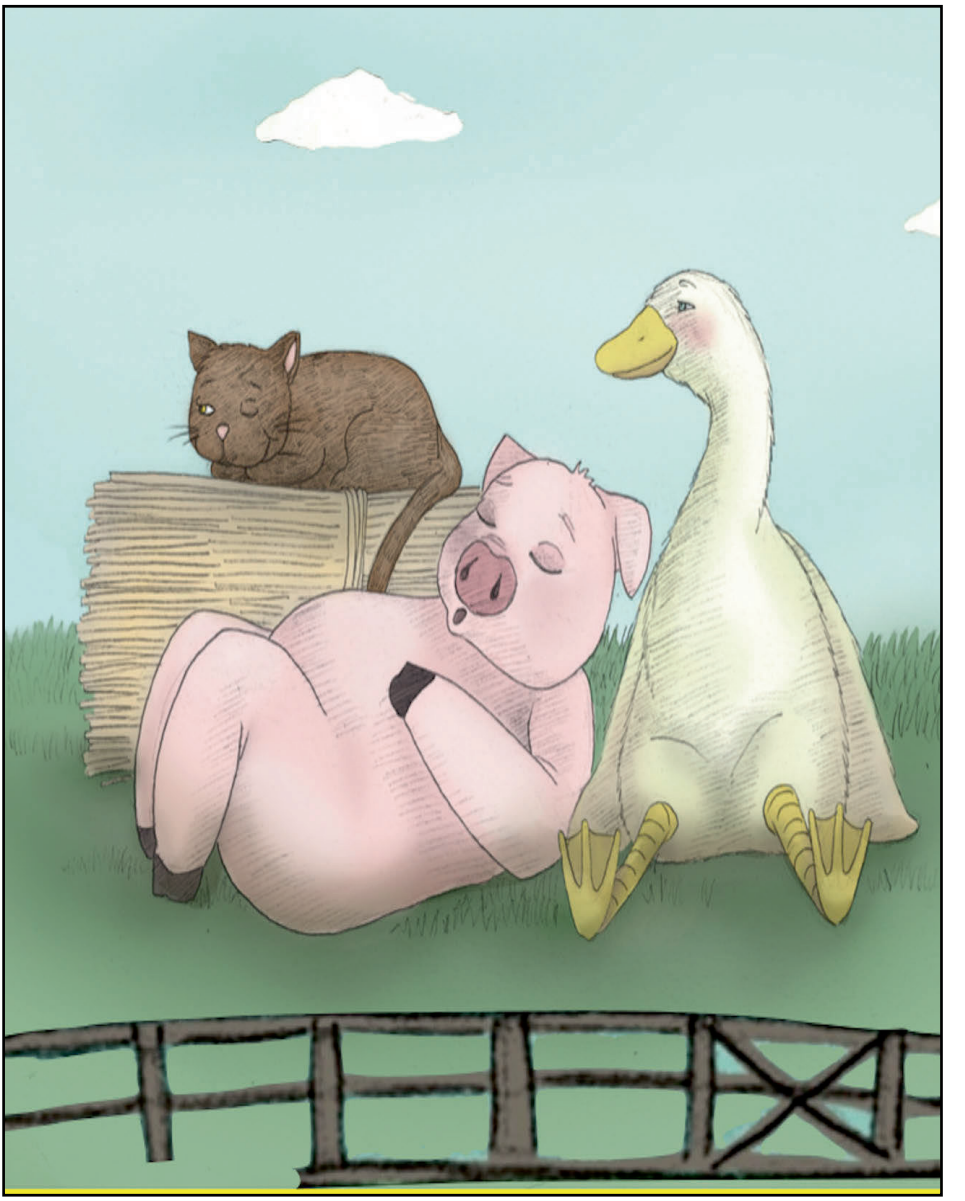
It gave her such joy,
but she had some concerns.

Upon greater inspection
it proved to be true.

They were tiny wheat seeds
dropped into a pile.

So she gathered the seeds
in her apron of blue

And carried them in
to the barn with a smile.



The pig and the duck
with the old barn yard cat

Yawned and lazed around
in the sun where they lay.

Then from the barn door
she called to her friends,

“I may truly need help,
from my friends today.”

"Who wants to help me. . .
To plant *all* of my seeds,

Plant them into the earth,

Where they can all grow?

Grow up ever so tall

Into stalks of fine wheat.

Who will please help

For these seeds I must sow?"

'NOT I"
QUACK - QUACK
"NOT I"
OINK-OINK

"Not I," said the Pig,
"Oink, Oink."

"Not I," said the Cat,
"Meow," on the hay.

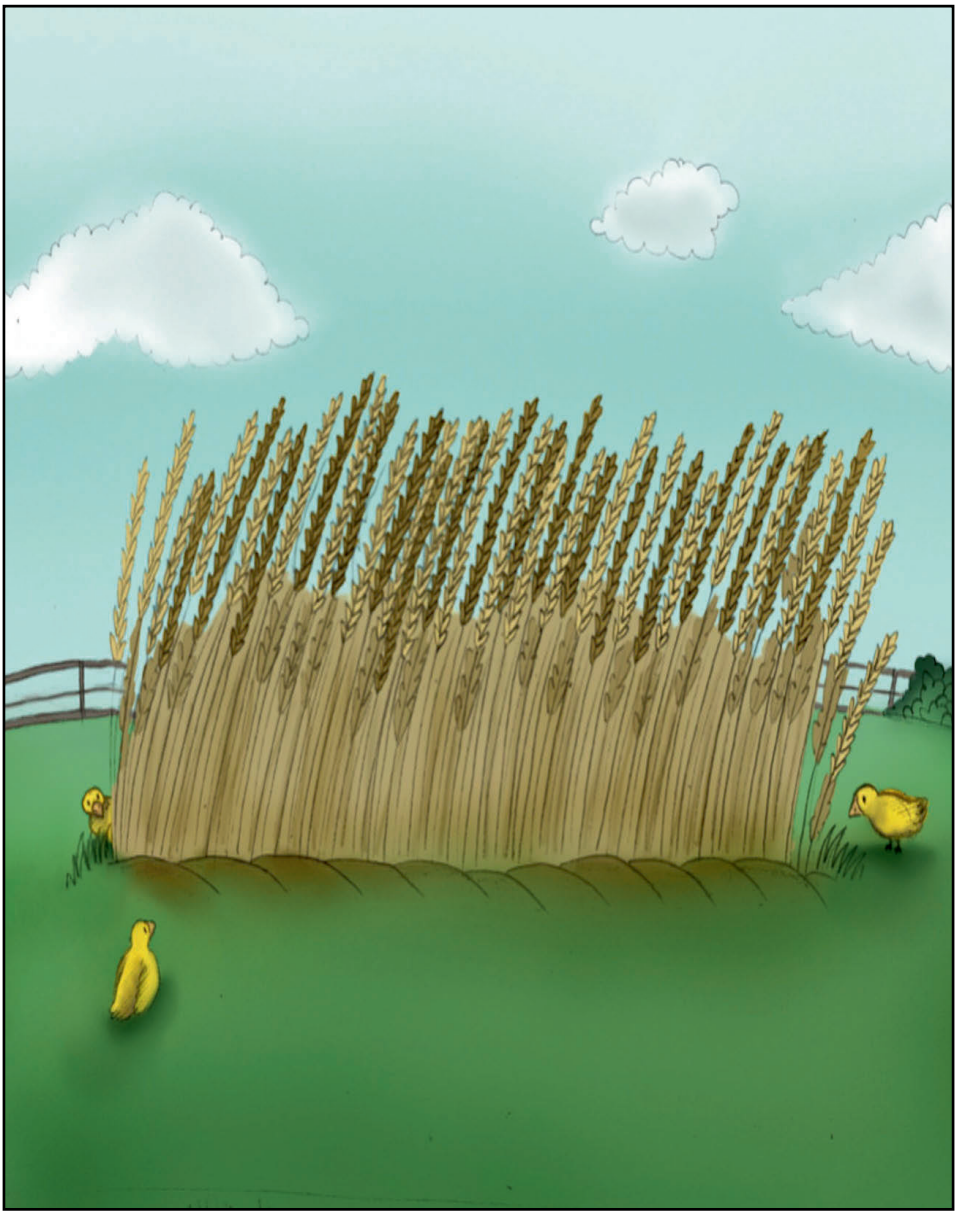
"Not I," said the Duck,
"Quack, Quack."

"We'd rather just rest
in the sun all day."

"Then I will do it myself,"

said the Little Red Hen,

And She did!

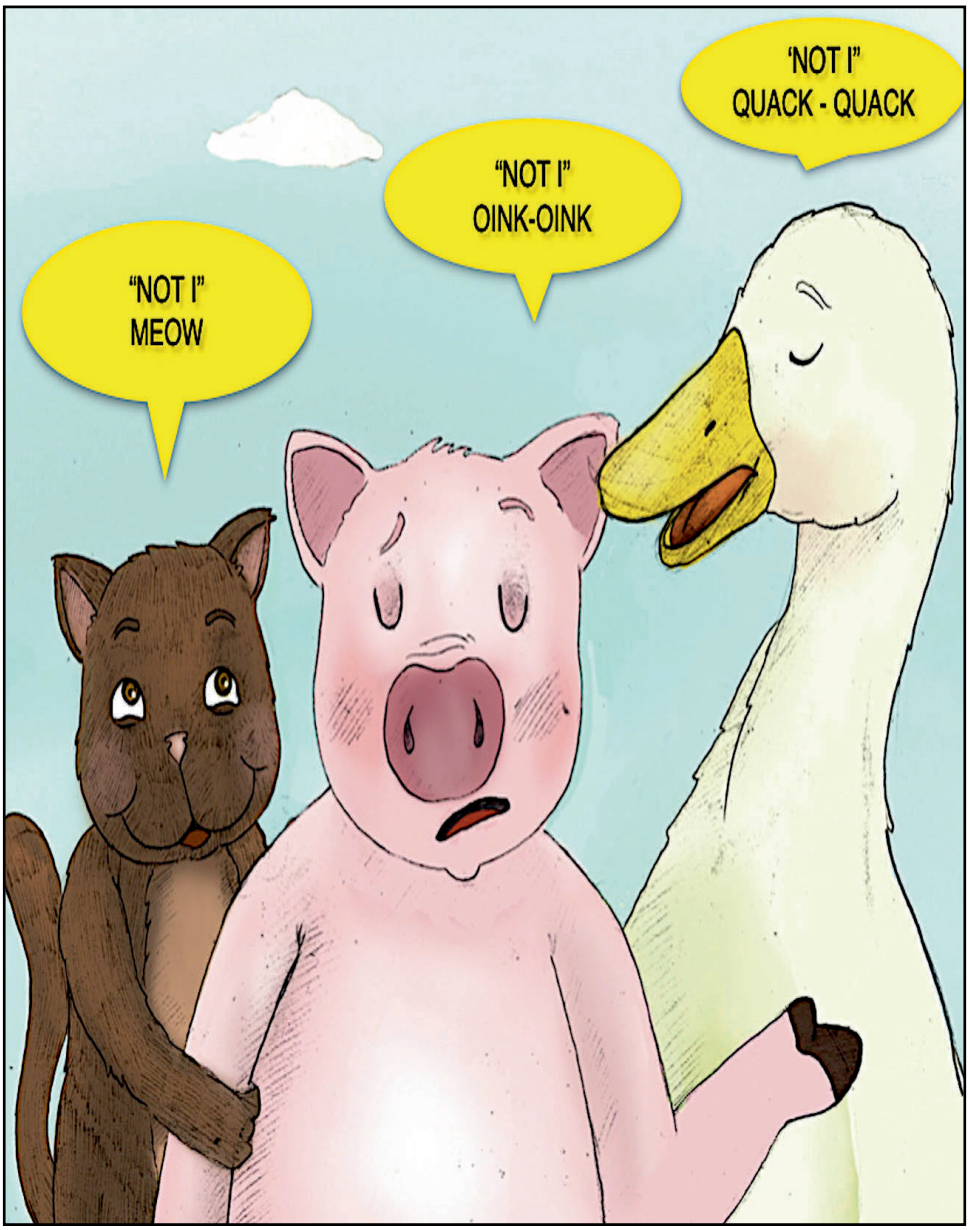


With gentle fine rains
And the warm summer sun

This tall golden wheat
Grew in such a straight row.

“And who can I count on
To cut this tall wheat,

That grew overnight,
That I weeded and hoed?“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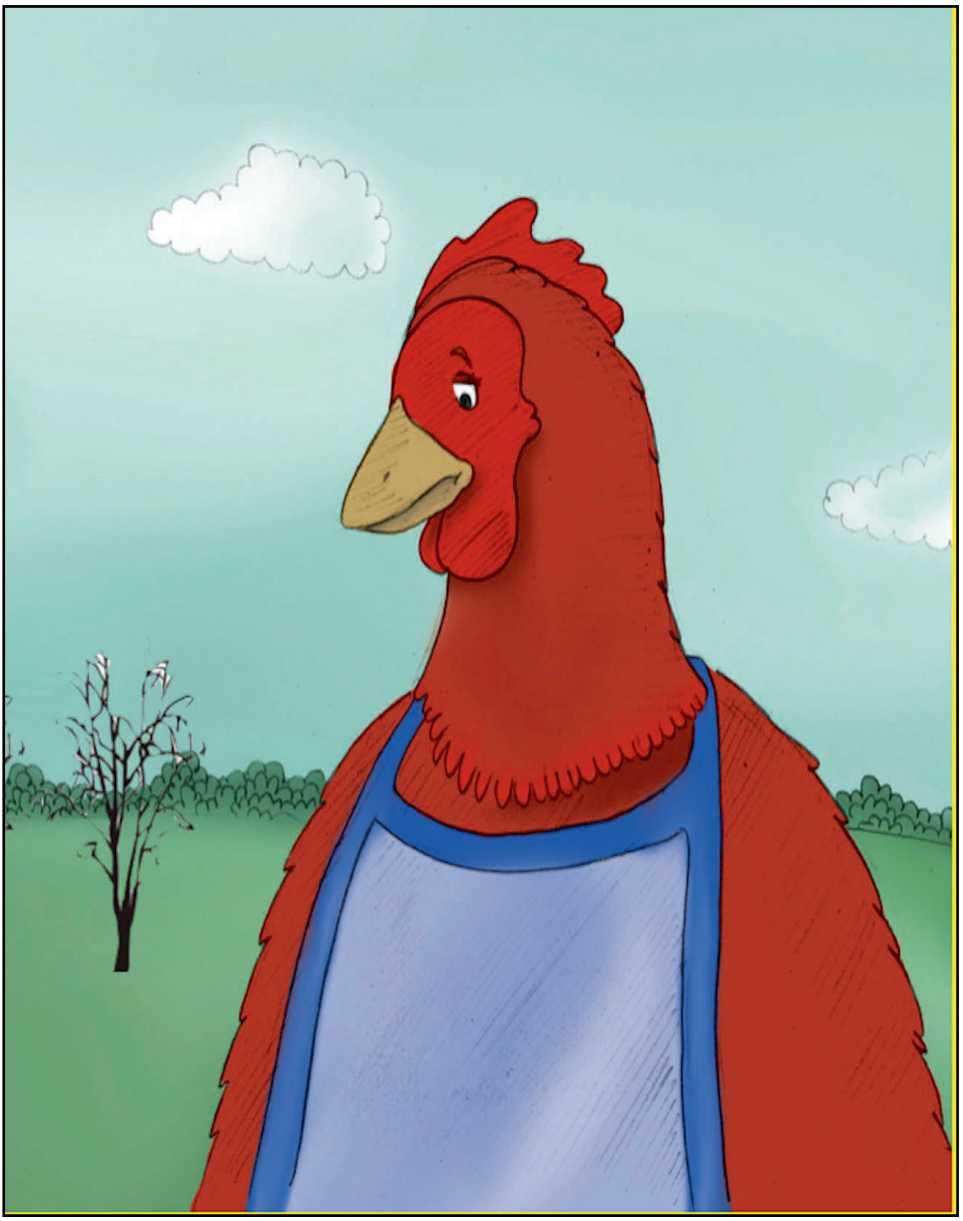


"Then I will do it myself,"

said the Little Red Hen,

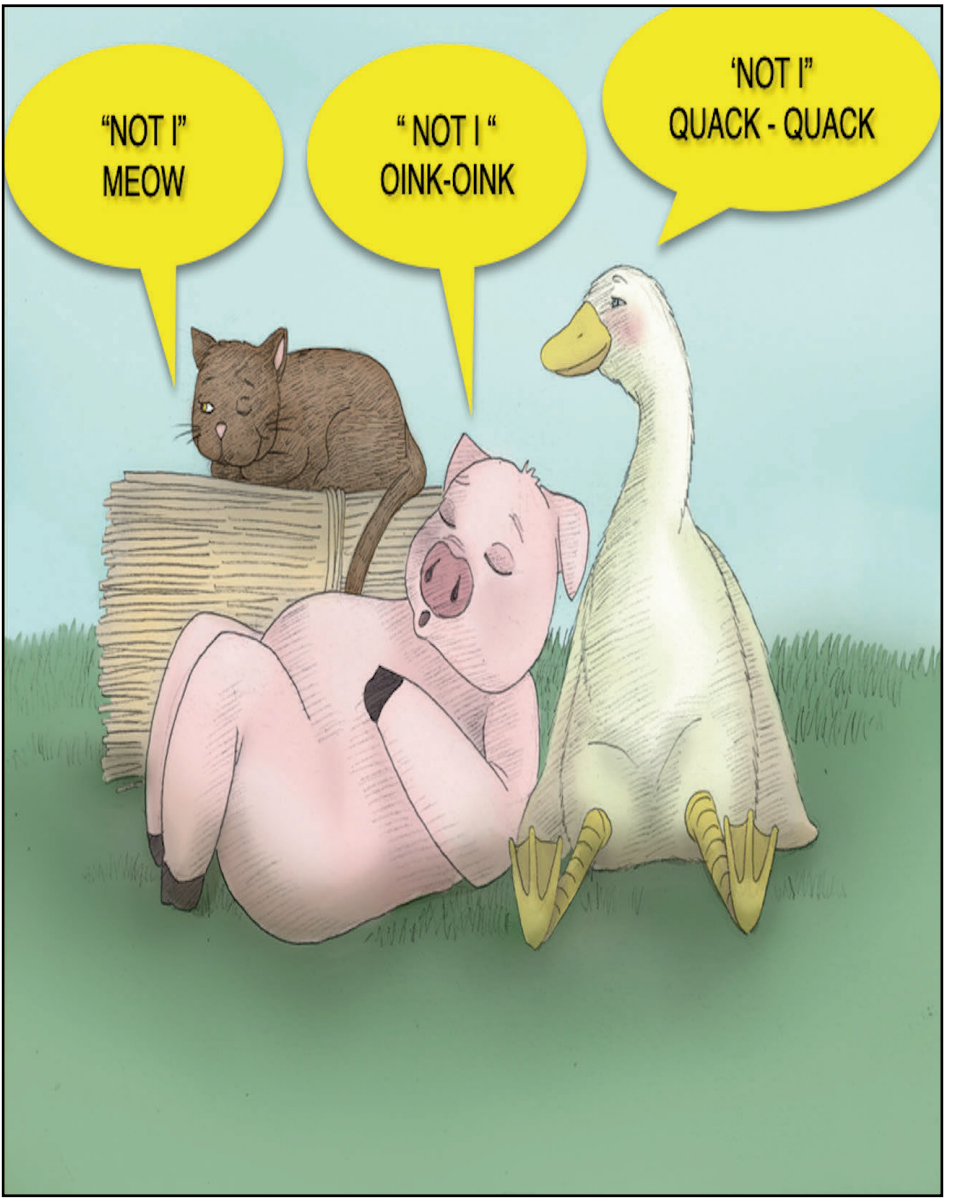
AND SHE DID!

"Who will help me
To take this rich golden wheat

To the miller to grind
Into fine flour?

If we choose to leave soon. . .
Before it's high noon,

The trip to the miller
Should take us an hour."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"Not I," said the Duck, "Quack, Quack."

We'd rather just rest in the sun all day."

"Then I will do it myself,"

said the Little Red Hen,

AND SHE DID!

So off to the mill
Went the Little Red Hen

And all by herself
she carried the wheat.

She cluck-clucked as she walked
And had a good time,

She sang a fine tune
As she went down the street.

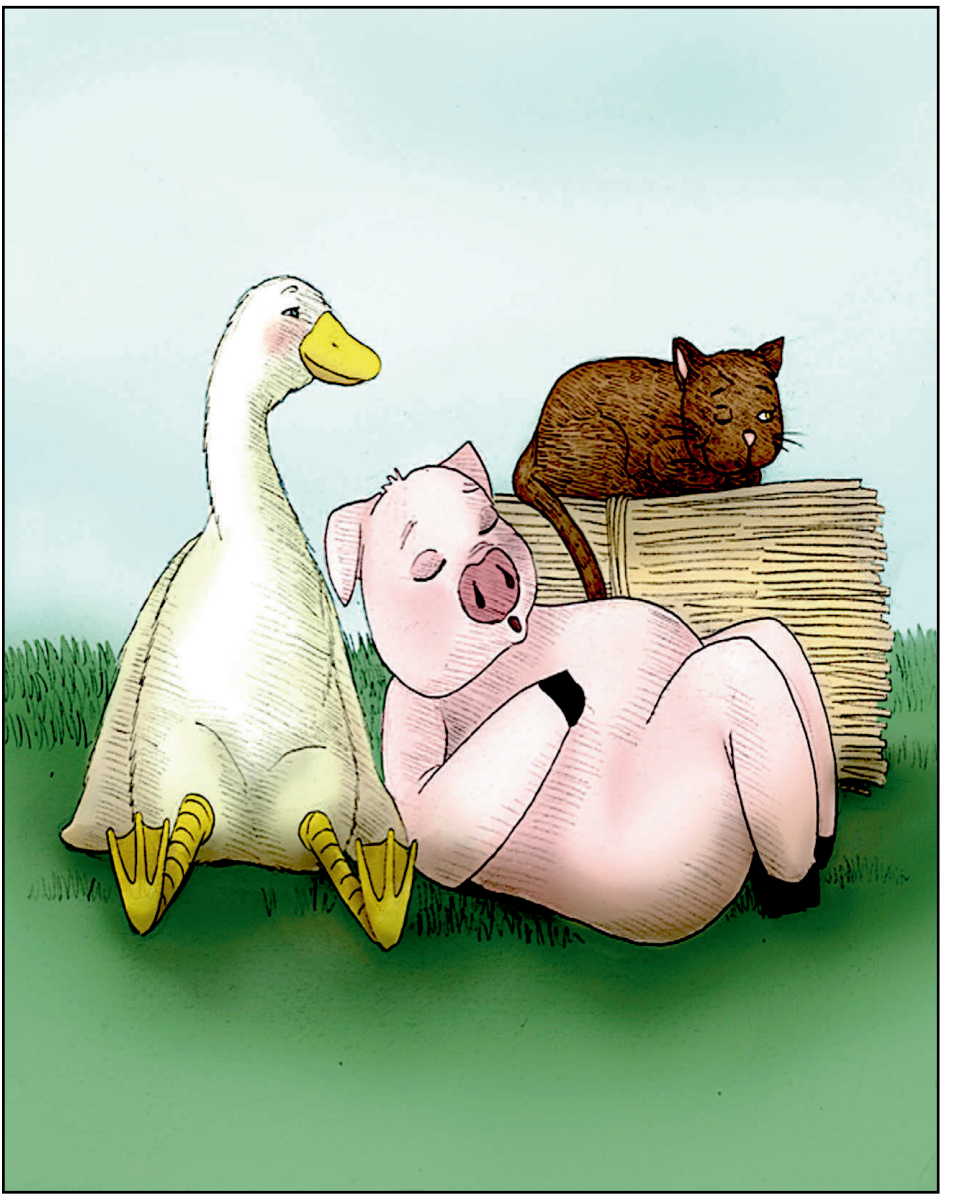
OUR

When upon her return
After an hour,

Into the barnyard
With her flour so sweet,

The Little Red Hen
Then said to her friends. . .

“Who will help me make bread,
Sweet bread we can eat?”



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"Not I," said the Cat,
"Meow," on the hay.

"Not I," said the Duck,
"Quack, Quack."

"We'd rather just rest
in the sun all day."

FLOUR

"Then I will do it myself,"

said the Little Red Hen,

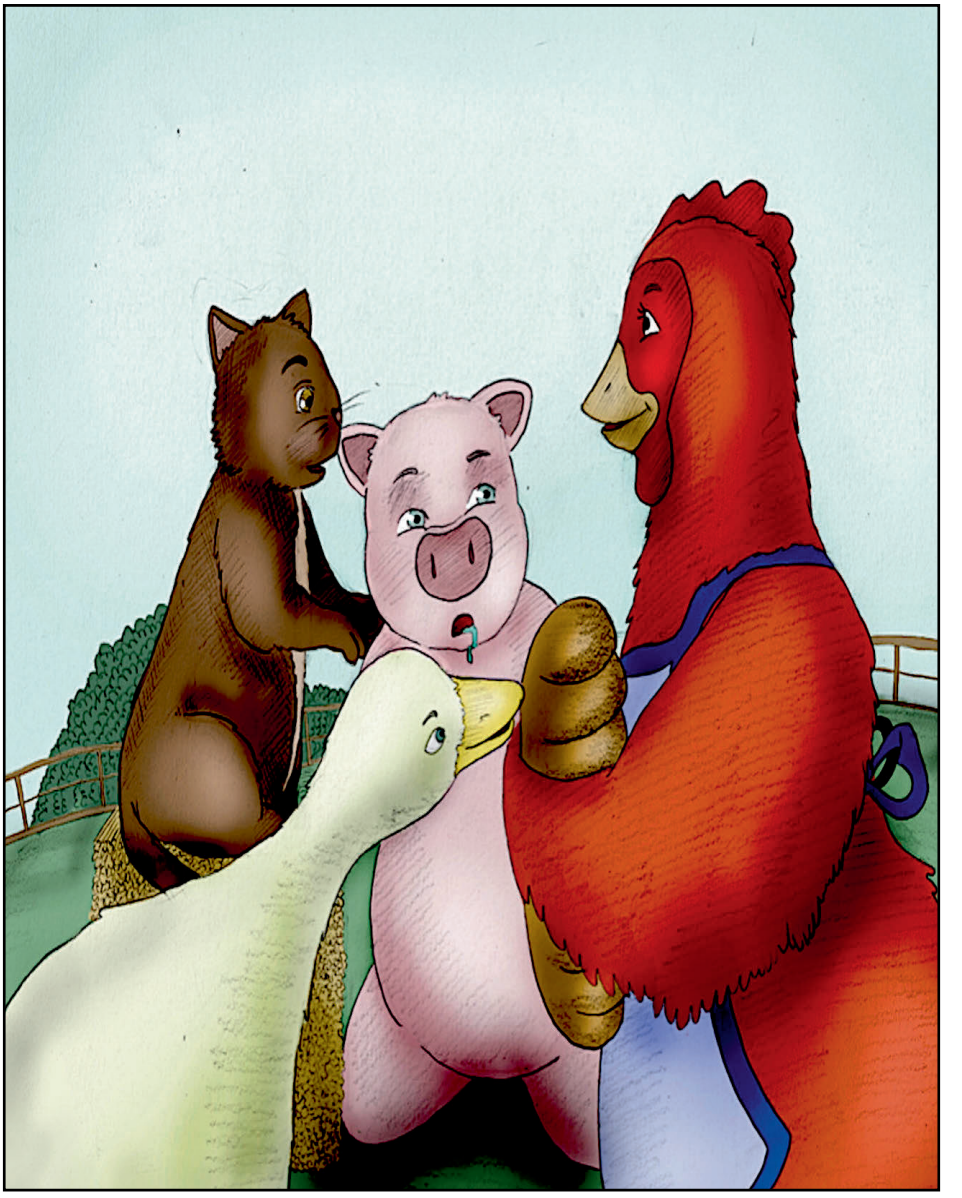
AND SHE DID!

And she baked and she baked,
Such beautiful bread,

Amazing aroma. . .
Deliciously sweet.

All the animals gathered
By the big barn door,

Looking ever so hungry. . .
Wanting hot bread to eat.

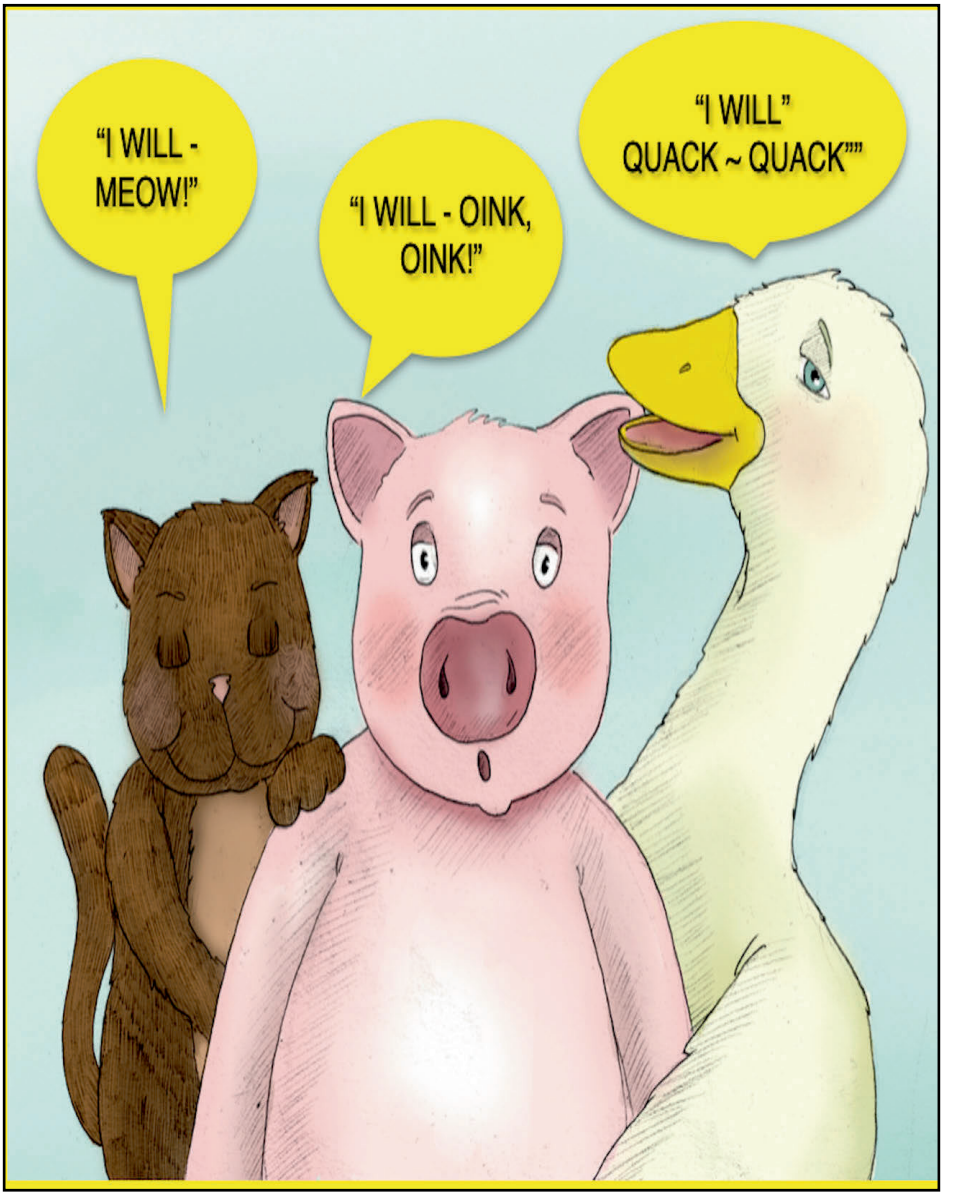


"And Who," said the Hen,
will help me to eat it. . .

Such delicious wheat bread
And a crust, golden brown?

With butter and jams
It taste ever so good,

From those tiny wheat seeds
That I found on the ground.

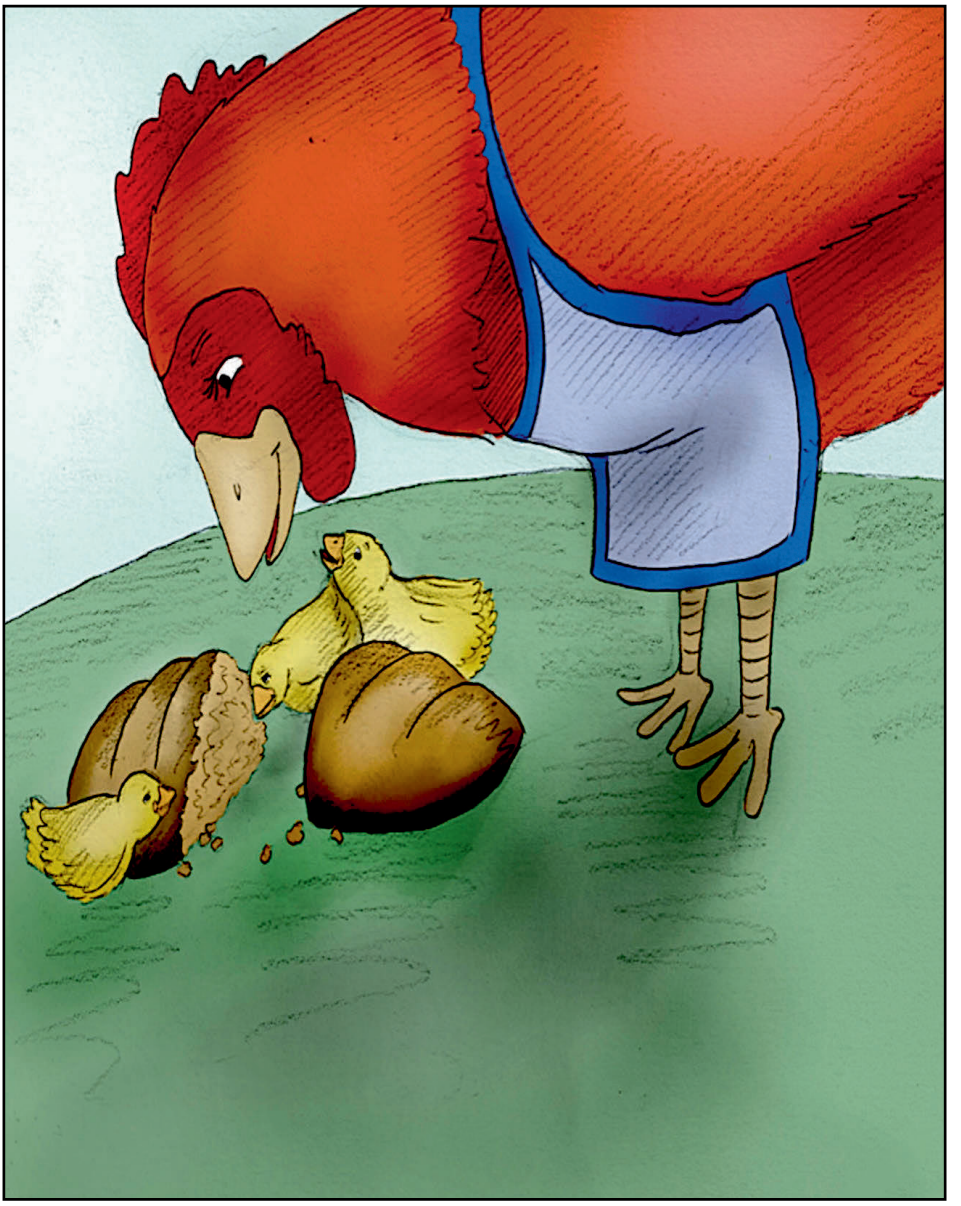

"I WILL - MEOW!"
"I WILL - OINK, OINK!"
"I WILL" QUACK ~ QUACK""

"I will," said the Pig,
"Oink, Oink."

"I will," said the Cat,
"Meow," on the hay.

"I will," said the Duck,
"Quack, Quack."

We'd much rather eat bread -
than lay out all day."



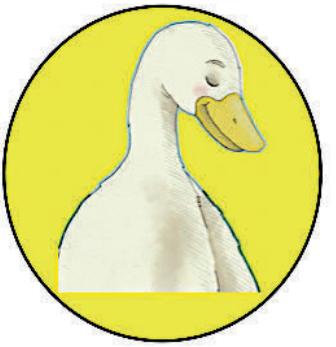
"NO YOU WON'T,"
said the Little Red Hen,

"I will do it myself!"

And the Little Red Hen
and her Little Chicks did!

"Mmmm Mmmm," said her Chicks,
as they ate it all up!

THE END



REMEMBER

Rewards come to those who work and earn it!

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ROBIN GILMOR

1945 Alexandria, Virginia

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The Tortoise and the Hare
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The Three Little Pigs
The Little Red Hen

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The Fox and the Crow
Little Red Riding Hood
Three Billy Goats Gruff

The Monkey and the Jug
The Pot of Gold
The Princess and the Frog
The Ugly Duckling
Fiona and the Leprechaun Trap
Bodie the Christmas Beagle

A Lad and the Tigers
Jack and the Bean Stalk

Monstrous things
A Bear Ran Into the Woods
Fiona and the Christmas Fairies
Rumpelstiltskin
Santa's Bag of toys
The Boy Who Cried Wolf

The Snow Fairies

The Crow and the Pitcher
The Milkmaiden and Her Pail
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